



PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, June 12, 2022 Issue No. 110



June 12, 2022 – Trinity Sunday
It isn't the farm that makes the farmer –
it's the love, hard work, and character.
~Unknown



Living Today In God's Hands

Michael - Itasca, Illinois - November 29, 2008



The concept of trusting God is an ongoing process of practicing to trust God. There is a difference between verbalizing the notion

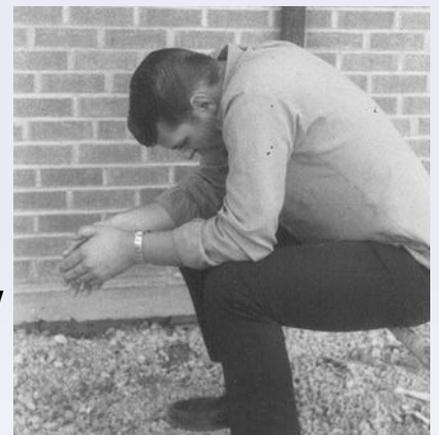
of "Trust God", and internalizing the reality into a life experience of revelation through prayer & its fulfillment. When we have fears, we are not trusting God. When we have doubts, we are not trusting God. When we have overwhelming insecurities, we are not trusting God.

For most people the idea of trusting God is all they hear, and on occasion read about. It hasn't been internalized through trials, difficulties, or trusted into faith. We are, for the most part, impatient, refuse to trust that God's timing is better than our own. Often our prayers are so desperate they get in the way of God's work. Our worries are so great, our own answers, so few, we want to push God's hand through self-centered prayer and place God on our own short deadline.

We never know our true mission in life till we learn the real internalization of trusting in God. I am not a theologian, I am a skilled craftsman, somewhat trained in psychology, who attends an anxiety group nearly every week, for years, trying to come to simple successful terms of living, yet hard to comprehend, till you see the structure of the works, in life experiences. Trusting God is a matter of faith, yet our desperation & forcing of God's timetable for our lives-demonstrates to God our true lack of trusted faith.

We want to push the time clock. For this reason of pushing the time clock, God will often offer mercy and grace (more concepts most of us don't truly understand) - keeping us in position till he determines the timing, in the larger plan, yet to unfold. In our darkness, of clutter and confused thought, we do not see the clearing; unable ourselves to unravel the misconnects of our own thought patterns.

I was trapped in such an dilemma. Self-employed, low income, rising health care costs, the internal unset of personal health issues that were threatening my job and ability to generate income as I got older, now age 59. What would I do since, in my case, there would be no retirement? I had little support and no real family structure to count on-tended to be a loner of sorts. I saw a depression coming. I knew the symptoms. After all I've spent a lifetime learning to identify them. Even though I didn't feel like it I immediately sought out help with local social service resources before the emotional crash. But crash I did. Then I was bed ridden: ignoring all but basic necessities, the days passed. I prayed, then prayed, listened to church music and Christian messages, then prayed some more. Nothing happened. Silence was gouging in my ears. I felt as if God had slammed the door shut on my prayers, and said, "I got the message, now let me work". When faith is weak, hope is less; when hope is gone, faith weakens more.



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Providence Presbyterian Church

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord



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Prayer Requests will be added each week by your requests, and will run for two weeks unless a request to continue is received.



God's healing presence:

- For Jean Wainwright & Bea Ashmore recovering from their strokes
- For continued prayers for Wendy Kasper & Eleanor Hathaway
- For Fritz Wainwright, Polly Grobelny, Hayley Morris & Jean Miller
- For Dave & Barb Hammell, Joe Celkupa, and Polly's son-in-law, Donald
- For Ginny Heal's cousin Isabell, Faye Eckert, and Janet Newell
- For Maritza Chambers' sister Elba, Aiden Witte, and Carol Shore's husband, Steve
- For Marleigh & her family
- For Makeeba and for the O'Shea family

God's comfort:

- For Carol Shore and the Eckert family upon the passing of Carol's brother, Alan Eckert
- For Alyson Keegan coping with the loss of her mom and care issues for her dad.
- For those who serve as caregivers
- For Fran Kraft dealing with knee pain
- For the People of Ukraine

For God's guidance & understanding

- For family members in need of God's presence and fellowship

In Thanks and Praise to God:

- For good shepherds in our pulpit
- For Krista beginning her new job

For continued prayers for the PNC as they carry on their mission.



The Crafty Ladies will be taking orders for water bottles and mugs. The order sheets will be in the back of the church. You can have your bottle or mug personalized with your own saying and name or use the sayings we have. \$5.00 for either the water bottle or mug.

Colors of plastic bottles: green, blue, white and pink. The smaller bottle comes only in purple and mugs in white.

Please leave your completed order form in the back of the church or you can give them to Carol Shore or Marie Celkupa. Proceeds go to the missions.





Living Today In God's Hands ...Continued

It's a cycle out of control with thoughts racing for self solutions. When the personal wall of emptiness is hit, and you realize you don't have solutions, that it is now beyond your control and all you have is your nest egg of twisted thoughts-it's then that God, often, will intervene quietly behind the scenes. It was here, I truly relieved my pain and suffering- made a total commitment to God's will, turning over the worries, the problems, the issues, and faith for solutions to someone other than myself. I wrote a small inspirational piece and placed it on my desk with scotch tape and read it daily before doing anything in my day. The sense of relief is enormous. Rather than losing control I actually gained control by giving my need for control up. It was here I internalized the true concept of faith and giving my will over to God's plan not my own:

*Today
Today there is peace within me.
I trust God that I am exactly
Where I am meant to be.
I have given this control
Of my life over to God,
& taken it away from myself.
This is the gift of faith.
His presence
Settles in my bones.
Michael Lee Johnson
03-24-07*



A transformation started at this point. In my case, the medication started to kick in; a trusted friend came into my business since he was getting older with his handyman services, and longed for something that would be less physically demanding; a personal lady friend came over daily offering support and structure to my unstructured life; my mother of 98 years passed away, leaving a small amount of monies that would help offset the rising cost of health care Then another intervention that would prop up my laagering self-esteem during a time of trial & lose. I had a huge box of unfinished, nearly forgotten poems beneath my work desk. Poetry seldom pays anything but self-esteem. There were poems dating back to early 1967, literally sitting idle in a box for over 40 years. I had no incentive, Most of the papers were tattered & torn, wrinkled old napkins folded over with ink smeared words placed there years ago; all waiting the creative hand of revival.

In my distress, fledgling hope, I noted on the internet the advent of electronic poetry submissions making it easier to submit, quicker to get responses than the old fashion way, submitting via mail. Knowing from early experiences in the 1970's that the chance of an unknown poet (especially one that failed creative writing class in university) getting a poem accepted for publication, with a quality journal, was about 3% or less out of a hundred submissions. I revised a few poems and submitted them, expecting nothing. To my astonishment, immediately poems were getting picked up for publication.

Knowing, in my own mind, I was not a good writer, with each success I attributed the victory to God. Perhaps, my self perceptions was in error again. Just perhaps. Within four months I have published over 121 poems, in over 49 different online literary, poetry journals! No money, but a lot of self-esteem at a time of depression. God had waved his wand over me; taught me a lesson about faith, turning my will over to God & his ultimate plan.

Trusting God is a process, an evolution of faith, grace, mercy; it happens over time, not on your time, but God's, personalized plan for you on his time. God hears the simple prayers.



The Past, Present and Future of our Historical Country Church “The Providence Presbyterian Church of Bustleton”

Part 1 *The Past*

Barb Hammell

- ~ building of Our Present House of Worship
- ~ Providence Presbyterian Church of Bustleton

It was in early 1878, a plot of ground where our church now stands, was given to us by Joseph P. Zelly. Joseph Zelly was an affluent resident of Burlington, New Jersey. He was married twice, his first wife died at 28 years leaving 2 children. He remarried a woman named Sylvanus from Burlington. Mr. Zelly was born 1837 and died 1896 at the age of 59. He is buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Burlington, NJ.

Rev. Louis Rodman Fox was delighted as he had visions of a church being built there. Although this was a poor area and not many people had wealth, Mr. Fox went to his Christian friends to ask them for help. He collected money from his friends (of which he had many). He then searched for an architect to design the church and a contractor to have it built.

As an architect he chose William D. Hewitt. He was an American architect, together with his brother, George, designed more than fifty churches in Philadelphia and other cities, most of them in the then popular Victorian Gothic style. William D. Hewitt was born in 1848 in Burlington, New Jersey and died in 1924 at the age of 76.

William D. Hewitt

Two of their outstanding works are the:
Bellevue – Stratford Hotel & Philadelphia Bourse.





Providence Presbyterian Church

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Along with the architect, Mr. Fox chose as a contractor and builder Messrs. Miller & Estelow also of Burlington City. Our church was beautifully built and completed by the end of the year 1878, thanks to the dedication, hard work, and pride of all involved. All the material was brought and hauled from Burlington to the ground where the church was to be built by members of the congregation and other people of the neighborhood. In the construction of the church, 94 loads were hauled and used; of which 11 were brick, 4 of lime; 50 of lumber; 29 of sand; and 29 (64 gallons each) of water and a great quantity of gravel. A well detailed stained rose glass window was installed on the east gable and glass windows on the sides and the southwest end.

Stained Glass Rose Window First Windows Installed on sides



The total cost of the building and its furnishings was \$3,100. With the money that was donated and gifted to us the church was clear and free of debt. A fence was built by the congregation and the posts and railings were given by friends and neighbors of the area. Our Little Country Church was completed.

Dedication of the "New Church" was held Tuesday, December 17, 1878. Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, of Philadelphia (as a guest of Rev. Fox) preached a sermon from the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, 12:6. "And there are diversions of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all things". After the sermon, a prayer of dedication to the church was said by Rev. Fox. After the service, the ladies of the congregation prepared a luncheon for all. It was held in the old church building, then known as the Old Social Hall (pictures of building in 5-22 newsletter). It was during the luncheon that Rev. Louis Rodman Fox announced that services would be held every Sunday evening.





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JUNE

birthday bash

Karen Ccenteri – June 1

Maritza Chambers – June 3

Janet Newell – June ?

Verity Cheslo – June 18

Rick Cheslo – June 28



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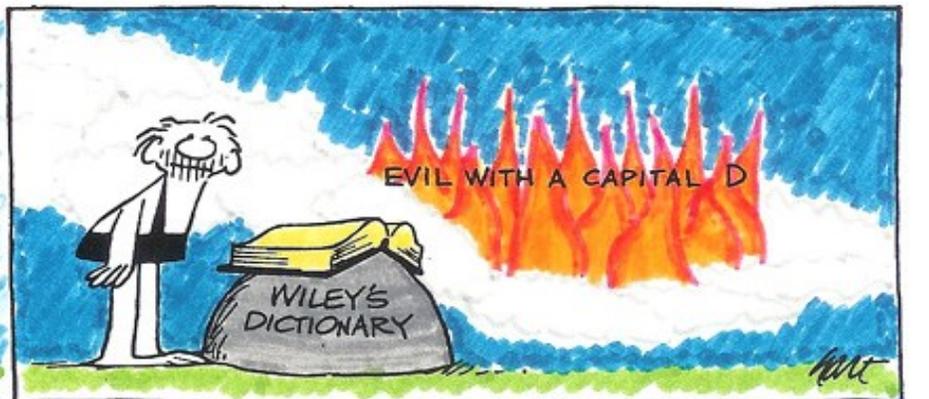
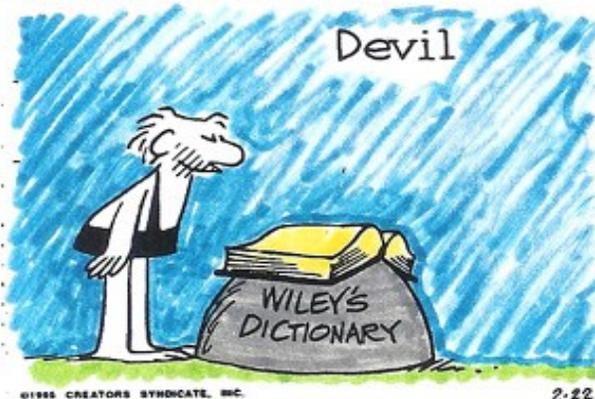
© Brian Crane.



PRAYER PUPS By Jeffrey Smith



B.C./by Johnny Hart



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